He readeth the Letter.

SEigneur Martino, *& his wife and daughters: Countie* Anselme *and his bewtious sisters: the Lady widdow of* Vtruuio, *Seigneur* Placentio, *and his louely Neeces* : Mercutio *and his brother* Valentine: *mine Vncle* Capulet *his wife and daughters: my faire Neece* Rosaline, Liuia, *Seigneur* Valentio, *and his Cosen* Tybalt: Lucio *and the liuely* Hellena.
A faire assemblie, whither should they come?

Ser. Vp.

Ro. Whither to supper?

Ser. To our house.

Ro. Whose house?

Ser. My Maisters.

Ro. Indeed I should haue askt you that before.

Ser. Now ile tell you without asking. My maister is the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the house of *Mountagues*, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merrie.

Ben. At this same auncient feast of *Capulets*,
Sups the faire *Rosaline* whom thou so loues:
With all the admired beauties of *Verona*,
Go thither, and with vnattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee thinke thy swan a crow.

Ro. When the deuout religion of mine eye,
Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fier:
And these who often drownde, could neuer die,
Transparent Hereticques be burnt for liers.
One faire r then my loue, the all seeing Sun,
Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut you saw her faire none else being by,
Her selfe poysd with her selfe in either eye:
But in that Christall scales let there be waide,
Your Ladies loue against some other maide:
That I will shew you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant shew well that now seemes best.

Ro. Ile go along no such sight to be shown,

But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets *Wife and Nurse.*

Wife. Nurse wher's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. *Now by my maidenhead, at twelue yeare old I bad her come, what Lamb, what Ladie-bird, God forbid,*
Wheres this Girle? what Iuliet.

Enter Iuliet.

Iuliet. How now who calls?

Nur. *Your mother.*

Iuli. Madam I am here, what is your will?

Wife. This is the matter. Nurse giue leaue a while, we must talke in secret. Nurse come backe againe, I haue remembred mee, thou'se hearē our counsel. Thou knowest my daughters of a pretie age.

Nurse. *Faith I can tell her age vnto an houre.*

Wife. Shee's not fourteene.

Nurse. *Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, and yet to my teene be it spoken, I haue but foure, shees not fourteene.*
How long is it now to Lammas-tide?

Wife. A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurse. *Euen or odde, of all daies in the yeare come* Lammas *Eue at night shall she be fourteen.* Susan *and she, God rest all Christian soules, were of an age. Well* Susan *is with God, she was too good for me: But as I said, on* Lammas *Eue at night shall she be fourteene, that shall shee marrie, I remember it well. Tis since the Earth-quake now eleuen yeares, and she was weand I neuer shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare vpon that day: for I had then laide worme-wood to my dug, sitting in the sun vnder the Doue-house wall. My Lord and you were then at* Mantua, *nay I doo beare a braine. But as I said, when it did taste the worme-wood on the nipple of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretie foole, to see it teachie and fall out with the Dugge. Shake quoth the Doue-house, twas no need I trow to bid me trudge: and since that time it is a leuen yeares, for then she could stand by lone, nay by th roode she could haue run and wadled all about: for euen the day before she broke her brow, and then my husband, God be with his*